SONGES *and* SONETTES.

WRITTEN

By the Right Honorable Lord

HENRY HAWARD, *late* Earle *of* SURREY.

1077.915
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BRITISH MUSEUM

Mr. POPE's CHARACTER OF THE AUTHOR.

IN

His Poem intituled, *Windſor Foreſt*, inſcrib'd to the Lord *Lanſdown.*

HERE † noble SURREY felt the Sacred Rage,
SURREY, the GRANVILLE of a former Age:
Matchleſs his Pen, Victorious was his Lance;
Bold in the Liſts, and Graceful in the Dance:
In the ſame Shades the CUPID's Tun'd his Lyre,
To the ſame Notes of Love, and ſoft Deſire:
Fair GERALDINE, bright Object of his Vow,
Then fill'd the Groves, as heavenly MYRA now.

† *At* WINDSOR, *which was the Scene of many of his* SONNETS.

Advertiſement by the EDITOR.

IN order to give the Publick as correct an Edition as I could of theſe valuable POEMS, I procured among my Friends Three ſeveral *Editions*, printed in the Years 1565, 1567, and 1569, all which I found very full of Typographical Errors, but the moſt correct, was that of 1567, from which this Edition is printed, and to which, the *Folio*'s number'd by numeral Figures in the Margin refer. When I had made the Edition of 1567 as correct as I could from the other Two; I heard of another Copy * in the *Bodleian* Library in *Oxford*, among Mr. SELDEN's Books, wherein were many conſiderable Amendments, ſuppos'd to be made by that eminent Perſon: which I got collated by a learned Gentleman there. So that I hope it will appear I have given my Lord SURREY's *Poems* in their Antique Dreſs, in as careful and accurate a manner as poſſible: And if theſe admirable SONGES and SONETTES, meet with a Reception equal to their Merit, they ſhall be immediately follow'd by the remainder, in the ſame Volume, written by himſelf, and his intimate Friend Sir THOMAS WIATT the Elder. To which will be ſubjoin'd a very full and particular Account of theſe noble AUTHORS, who have hitherto been undeſervedly deny'd the Juſtice due to their Memories.

London,
April 13, 1717.

Vale.

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* *There was another Edition printed,* Anno 1585.

TO THE

READER.

THAT to have wel written in Verſe, yea, and in ſmal Parcelles, deſerveth greate Praiſe, the Woorkes of divers Latins, Italians, and other, doe prove ſufficiently, that our Tong is able in that kinde to do as praiſe woorthelye as the reſte. The honorable Stile of the Earle of Surreye, and the weightineſſe of the deepe wytted Syr Thomas Wyat the elders Verſe, withe ſeveral Graces in ſundrie good Engliſh writers, doe ſhewe abundantlye. It reſteth nowe (gentle Reader) that thou thinke it not evill done, to publiſh to the Honour of the Engliſh Tong, and for Profite of the ſtudious

of

of Engliſh *Eloquence, thoſe Woorkes whiche the ungentle horders up of ſuche Treaſure have heretofore envied thee. And for this Point, (good Reader) thine owne Profite and Pleaſure, in theſe preſentlye, and in mo hereafter, ſhal aunſwere for my Defence. If perhappes ſome myſlyke the ſtatelyneſſe of Stile removed from the rude Skyll of common Eares; I aske helpe of the learned to defende their learned Frendes, the Authors of theſe Woorkes. And I exhorte the unlearned, by readinge to learne to bee more skylfull, and to purge that ſwynelyke groſſenes that maketh the ſwete maierome not to ſmell to their delyght.*

Deſcription of the reſtleſſe State of a Lover, with ſute to his Lady, to rue on his dyinge Harte.

THE Sunne hath twiſe brought fourth his tender Grene, *Fol.* II.
Twiſe cladde the Earth in lively luſtineſſe;
Once have the Winds the Trees diſpoiled clene,
And once again beginnes theire cruelneſſe,
Since I hid under my Breſt the Harme,
That never ſhal recover healthfulneſſe.
The Winters Hurt recover with the warme;
The parched Grene reſtored is with ſhade;
What warmth, alas! may ſerve for to diſarme,
The froſen Harte that mine inflame hathe made?
What Colde againe is able to reſtore
My freſhe Grene, which doth wither thus and fade?
Alas! I ſee nothing els hurt ſo ſore,
But Time in time reduceth a return:
In time my Heat encreaſeth more and more,
And ſeemes to have my Cure alwaies in ſcorne:
Straunge kindes of Death, in Lyfe that I doe frye,
At hand to melt farre of in flame to burne;
And like as time lift to my Cure applie,
So doth eche Place my Comfort cleane refuſe.
Al Thing alive, that ſeeth the Heavens with eye,
With cloke of Night may cover, and excuſe
It ſelfe from travaile of the Daies unreſt,
Save I, alas! againſt al others uſe,
That then ſtyrre up the Torments of my Breſt,
And curſe eche Starre as cauſer of my Fate:
And when the Sunne hath eke the darke oppreſt,
And brought the Day, it doth nothing abate
The travailes of my endleſſe ſmarte and pain;
For then as one that hath the Light in hate,
I wiſhe for Night more covertly to plaine,
And me withdrawe from every haunted place,
Leſt by my Chere my chaunce appeare to plaine,
And in my Minde I meaſure pace by pace,
To ſeek the Place where I my ſelf had loſt,
That Day that I was tangled in the lace,
In ſeemyng ſlack that knitteth ever moſt.
But never yet the travaile of my thought,
Of better State could catch a cauſe to boſt,

For if I founde ſome time that I have ſought,
Thoſe ſterres by whom I truſted of the Porte,
My Sailes do fall and I advaunce right nought;
At anchor faſt my Spirites doe al reſort,
To ſtand agazed and ſink in more and more
The deadly harme which ſhe doth take in ſport.
Lo if I ſeke howe I doe find my ſore;
And if I flee, I carry with mee ſtill,
The venomd ſhaft which dothe his force reſtore
By haſt of flight, and I may plaine my fill
Unto my ſelf, unleſſe this careful Song,
Print in your Harte ſome parcell of my tene,
For I, alas! in ſilence all to longe,
Of mine olde Hurt yet fele the Wounde but grene.
Rue on my Life or els your cruel wrong
Shall wel appeare, and by my Death be ſene.

Deſcription of Spring, wherein eche Thing renewes ſave onelye the Lover.

THE ſoote Seaſons that bud and bloome fourth bringes,
With Grene hath cladde the Hill and eke the Vale;
The Nightingale with Fethers new ſhe ſinges;
The Turtle to her mate hath told her tale:
Somer is come, for every ſpray now ſpringes.
The Hart hath hong his old Head on the pale;
The Buck in Boak his Winter Coat he flinges;
The Fiſhes flete withe newe repaired ſcale;
The Adder al her ſlough away ſhe flinges;
The ſwift Swallow purſueth the Flies ſmal;
The buſy Bee her Hony now ſhe minges;
Winter is worne that was the Flowers bale.
And thus I ſee among theſe pleaſant Thinges,
Eche Care decayes, and yet my Sorowe ſpring

Deſcription of the reſtleſſe Eſtate of a Lover.

WHEN Youth had led me halfe the Race *Fol. III.*
That *Cupidas* Scourge had made me runne:
I loked backe to meete the Place,
From whence my wery Courſe begunne.
And then I ſawe howe my deſire,
Miſguiding me, had led the waye

Mine eyen to gredy of their hire,
Had made me loſe a better pray.
For when in Sighes I ſpent the Day,
And could not cloke my Grief with game,
The boyling Smoke did ſtill bewraye
The preſent Heate of ſecret Flame.
And when ſalt Teares doe bayne my Breſt,
Where Love his pleaſant traines hath ſowen:
Her Beautye hath the Fruites oppreſt,
Ere that the Buddes were ſprong and blowne.
And when myne eyen did ſtill purſue
The flying Chace of theire requeſt,
Theire gredy lokes did oft renewe
The hidden Wound within my Breſt.
When every loke theſe Cheekes might ſtain,
From deadly pale to glowing red,
By outward Signes appeared plaine,
To her for Help my Hart was fled.
But al to late Love learneth mee
To paint al kynde of Colours newe:
To blind their Eies that els ſhoulde ſee,
My ſpeckled Cheekes with *Cupides* hew.
And now the covert Breſt, I clame,
That worſhipt *Cupide* ſecretlye,
And nouriſhed his ſacred Flame,
From whence no blaſinge Sparkes do flye.

Deſcription of the fickle Affeccions, Panges, and Sleightes of Love.

SUCH wayward Wayes hath Love, that moſt part in diſcord,
Our Willes do ſtand, wherby our Hartes but ſeldom do accord.
Deceite is his Delight, and to beguile and mock,
The ſimple Hartes, whom he doth ſtrike with frowarde divers ſtroke.
He cauſeth th'one to rage with golden burning darte,
And doth alay with leaden Colde againe the others Harte.
Whote gleames of burning Fire, and eaſy ſparks of Flames,
In balance of unegall weight he pondereth by ame.
From eaſy Ford where I might wade and paſ full well,
He me withdrawes, and doth me drive into a depe darke Hell.
And me witholdes where I am calde and offred Place,
And willes me that my mortall Foe I doe beſeke of Grace.
He lettes me to purſue a Conqueſt welnere wonne,
To followe where my Paines were loſte, ere that my ſute begonne.
So by this Meanes, I knew how ſoon a Harte may tume,
From Warre to Peace, from Truce to Strife, and ſo againe returne.

I know howe to content my ſelfe in others Luſt,
Of little ſtuff unto my ſelf to weave a Webbe of truſt.
And how to hide my Harmes with ſoft diſſembling there,
Whan in my Face the painted Thoughtes would outwardly appeare.
I know how that the Bloud forſakes the Face for dred,
And how by ſhame it ſtaines againe the Chekes with flaming red.
I know under the Grene the Serpent howe he lurkes:
The Hammer of the reſtleſſe Forge, I wote eke how it workes.
I know, and can by roate, the Tale that I would tell,
But oft the Woords come fourth awry of him that loveth wel.
I knowe in Heate and Colde, the Lover, how he ſhakes;
In ſinging how he doth complaine, in ſleping how he wakes.
To languiſh without ache, ſickleſſe for to conſume,
A Thouſand Things for to deviſe, reſolving of his fume.
And though he liſt to ſee his Ladies Grace full ſore,
Such Pleaſure as delight his Eye, do not his Health reſtore.
I know to ſeke the tracte of my deſired Foe,
And feare to finde that I do ſeke, but chiefely this I knowe,
That Lovers muſt transfourme into the Thing beloved,
And live (alas! who would believe?) with Sprite from Life removed.
I know in harty Sighes and Laughters of the ſplene,
At once to chaunge my State, my Wil, and eke my Colour clene;
I know how to deceive my ſelfe with others help,
And how the Lyon chaſtiſed is by beating of the whelpe.
In ſtanding nere the Fire, I know how that I freeſe;
Farre of I burn, in both I waſt, and ſo my Life I leeſe.
I know how Love doth rage upon a yielding Minde, *Fol.* IV.
How ſmal a Net may take and maſe a Harte of gentle kinde.
Or elſe with ſeloome ſwete to ſeaſon heapes of Gall,
Revived with a glimſe of Grace old Sorrowes to let fall.
The hidden Traines I know, and ſecrete Snares of Love,
How ſoone a loke will print a Thought, that never may remove.
The ſupper State I know, the ſodaine turnes from Wealth,
The doubtfull Hope, the certeine Woe, and ſure diſperced Health.

Complaint of a Lover, that defied Love, and was by Love after the more tormented.

WHEN Somer toke in Hande the Winter to aſſaile,
With force of Might, and Vertue great, his ſtormy blaſtes to (quail;
And when he clothed faire the Earth about with Grene,
And every Tree new garmented, that Pleaſure was to lene,
Mine Harte gan new revive, and changed Blood did ſturre
Me to withdrawe my Winter Woes, that kept within the durre.
Abrode, quod my deſire, aſſay to ſet thy fote,
Where thou ſhalt finde the Savour ſwete, for ſprong is every rote;

And to thy Health, if thou were ſicke in any Caſe,
Nothing more good, than in the Spring the Aire to fele a Place:
There ſhalt thou heare and ſee all kinde of Birdes ywrought,
Well Tune their Voice with warble ſmall, as Nature hath them tought.
Thus pricked me my Luſt the ſluggiſh Houſe to leave,
And for my Health I thought it beſt ſuch Counſel to receave.
So on a Morow fourth, unwiſt any wight,
I went to prove how well it would my heavy Burden light:
And when I felt the Aire ſo pleaſant round about,
Lorde, to my ſelf how glad I was that I had gotten out.
There might I ſee how Ver had every Bloſome bent,
And eke the new betrothed Birdes ycoupled how they went;
And in their Songes methought they thanked Nature much,
That by her Lycence all that yere to Love their happe was ſuch.
Right as they could deviſe to choſe them feres throughout,
With much rejoiſing to their Lorde thus flew they all about;
Which when I gan reſolve, and in my Head conceave,
What pleaſant Life, what heapes of Joy theſe little Birdes receave.
And ſaw in what Eſtate I wery Man was wrought,
By want of that they had at wil and I reject at nought.
Lorde how I gan in Wrath unwiſely me demean,
I curſed Love, and him defied: I thought to turne the Streame.
But when I wel beheld he had me under awe,
I asked Mercy for my fault that ſo tranſgreſt his Law.
Thou blinded God, quod I, forgeve me this Offence,
Unwittingly I went about to Malice thy pretence.
Wher with he gave a becke and thus methought he ſwore,
Thy Sorow ought ſuffice to purge thy fault if it were more.
The Vertue of which ſound myne Harte did ſo revive,
That I me thought, was made as hoale as any Man alive.
But here I may perceive myne Error al and ſome,
For that I thought that ſo it was, yet was it ſtill undone.
And all that was no more but myne expreſſed mynd,
That faine would have ſome good reliefe, of *Cupide* well aſſinde.
I turned home forthwith, and might perceive it wel,
That he agreved was right ſore with me for my rebel.
My Harmes have ever ſince encreaſed more and more,
And I remaine without his help, undone for ever more.
A Mirror let me be unto ye Lovers all,
Strive not with Love, for if ye do it will ye this befale.

Complaint of a Lover rebuked.

LOVE that liveth and raineth in my Thought,
That built his Seat within my captive Breſt;
Clad in the Armes wherein with me he fought,
Oft in my Face he doth his Banner reſt.

She

She that me thought to Love, and ſuffer Paine,
My doutfull hope and eke my hote deſire,
With ſhamefaſt cloke to ſhadow and reſtraine
Her ſmiling Grace converteth ſtraight to ire.
And covered Love then to the Harte apace
Taketh his flight, whereas he lurkes and plaines
His Purpoſe loſt, and dare not ſhew his Face,
For my Lordes gilt thus faultleſſe bide I paines:
Yet from my Lorde ſhal not my Fote remove,
Swete is his Death that takes his end by Love.

Complaint of the Lover diſdained.

IN *Ciprus* Springes, whereas *Venus* dwelt, *Fol.* V.
A Well ſo hote, that who ſo taſtes the ſame,
Were he of Stone, as chawed yſe ſhould melt,
And kindled finde his Breſt with fixed Flame.
Whoſe moiſt Poiſon diſſolved hath my hate;
This creping Fire my colde Lims ſo oppreſt,
That in the Harte that harborde Fredome late,
Endles Diſpaire long Thraldome hath impreſt.
An other ſo cold in froſen yſe is founde,
Whoſe chilling Venome of repugnant kinde
The fervent Heat doth quenche of *Cupides* Wounde,
And with the ſpot change infectes the Mind;
Whereof my deere hath taſted to my paine,
My Service thus is growne into diſdaine.

Deſcription and Praiſe of his Love Geraldine.

FROM *Tuſcane* came my Ladies worthy Race;
Fair *Florence* was ſometime her auncient Seat;
The Weſtern yle, whoſe pleaſant ſhore doth face
Wilde Cambers Clifs, did give her lively Heat.
Foſter'd ſhe was with Milke of *Iriſhe* Breſt;
Her Sire an Erle, her Dame of Princes Bloud:
From tender Yeres in *Brittaine* ſhe doth reſt,
With Kinges Child, where ſhe taſteth coſtly Foode.
Honſdon did firſt preſent her to myne eyen.
Bright is her hewe, and *Geraldine* ſhe hight.
Hampton me taught to wiſhe her firſt for myne,
And *Windſor*, alas! doth chaſe me from her ſight.

Her

Her Beauty of kind, her Vertues from above,
Happy is he that can obtaine her Love.

The Frailtie and Hurtfulneſſe of Beautye.

BRITTLE Beauty that Nature made ſo fraile,
Whereof the Gift is ſmall and ſhort the Seaſon,
Flowring to Day, to Morowe apt to faile,
Tickle Treaſure abhorred of Reaſon.
Daungerous to deale with, vain, of none availe;
Coſtly in keping, paſt not worth two peaſon;
Slipper in ſliding as is an Eles Taile,
Harde to attaine, once gotten not geaſon.
Jewel of Jeoperdy that Peril doth aſſaile,
Falſe and untrue, enticed oft to Treaſon,
Enemy to Youth, that moſt may I bewaile,
Ah! bitter, ſwete, infecting as the Poiſon:
Thou fareſt as Fruit that with the Froſt is taken,
To Day redy ripe, to Morow al to ſhaken.

A Complaint by Night of the Lover not beloved.

ALAS! ſo al Thinges nowe doe hold their Peace,
Heven and Earth diſturbed in nothing;
The Beſtes, the Aire, the Birdes their Song do ceaſe,
The Nightes chare the Starres about do bring.
Calme is the Sea, the Waves worke leſſe and leſſe,
So am not I, whom Love, alas! doth wring,
Bringing before my Face the great encreaſe
Of my Deſires, whereat I wepe and ſing,
In Joy and Wo, as in a doutful caſe:
For my ſwete Thoughtes, ſometime, doe Pleaſure bring,
But by and by the cauſe of my Diſeaſe,
Gives me a Pang that inwardly doth ſting,
When that I think what Griefe it is againe,
To live and lacke the Thing ſhould ridde my Paine.

How eche Thing, ſave the Lover, in Spring reviveth to Pleaſure.

WHEN *Windſor* Walles ſuſteined my wearied Arme,
My Hand, my Chin, to eaſe my reſtleſſe Hed,
The pleaſant Plot reveſted Grene, with warme
The bloſſomed Bowes with luſty Ver yſpred;
The flowred Meades, the wedded Byrdes ſo late *Fol.* VI.
Myne Eyes diſcover, and to my Mind reſorte
The joly Woes, the hateleſſe ſhorte debate,
The rakehell Life that longs to Loves diſporte,
Wherewith (alas!) the heavy Charge of Care
Heapt in my Breſt, breakes fourth againſt my will,
In ſmoky Sighes that overcaſt the Ayre;
My vapor'd Eyes ſuch dreary Teares diſtill,
The tender Spring which quicken where they fall,
And I halfe bent to throwe me downe withall.

A Vow to love faithfullye howſoever he be rewarded.

SET (*a*) me whereas the Sunne doth parche the Grene,
Or where his Beames do not diſſolve the yſe;
In temperate Heate where he is felt and ſene,
In Preſence preſt of People madde or wyſe.
Set me in hye, or yet in lowe Degree,
In longeſt Night, or in the ſhorteſt Day,
In cleareſt Skye, or where Cloudes thickeſt be,
In luſty Youth, or when my Heares are graye.
Set me in Heven, in Earth, or els in Hell,
In Hill or Dale, or in the foming Floode,
Thrall, or at large, alyve, where ſo I dwell,
Sicke or in Helth, in evil Fame or good,
Hers wil I bee, and onely with this thought,
Content my ſelfe, although my chaunce be nought.

(*a*) *Od. Horat.* XXII. Lib. I.

Com-

Complaint that his Ladie after she knew of his Love, kept her Face alwaye hidden from him.

I Never sawe my Lady laye apart
Her Comet blacke, in colde, nor yet in heat,
Sith first she knew my Grief was growne so great
Which others fansies driveth from my Harte,
That to my self I do the Thought reserve;
The which unwares did wound my woful Breft,
But on her Face myne Eies mought never reft.
Yet since she knew I did her love and serve,
Her golden Tresses cladde alway with blacke,
Her smiling Lookes that had thus evermore,
And that restraines which I desire so sore:
So doth this Comet govern mee alacke,
In Somer Sunne, in Winters Breath, a Frost,
Whereby the light of her fair Lookes I lost.

Requeſt to his Love to joyne Bounty with Beautye.

THE golden Gift that Nature did thee geve,
To faſten Frendes, and feede them at thy wyll,
With Fourme and Favour taught me to beleve,
How thou art made to shewe her greateſt skill.
Whoſe hydden Vertues are not ſo unknowen,
But lively Dames might gather at the firſt,
Where Beautye ſo her perfect Seede hath ſowen,
Al other Graces followe nedes there muſt.
Nowe certeſſe Ladye, ſince al this is true,
That from above thy Giftes are thus elect,
Doe not defaee them then with Fanſies newe.
Nor chaunge of Mindes let not the Mynde infecte,
But Mercy him thy Frende, that doth thee ſerve,
Who ſekes alway thine Honour to preſerve.

Prisoner in Windsor, here counteth his Pleasure there passed.

SO cruell Prison how could betide, alas!
As proude *Windsor*, where I Lust and Joye,
With a Kinges Sonne, my childish Yeres did pas,
In greater Feast than *Priam*'s Sonnes of *Troye*.
Where eche swete Place returnes a tast full sower,
The large grene Courtes where we were wont to hove, *fol.* VII.
With Eyes cast up into the Maidens tower,
And easy Sighes, such as Folke drawe in Love.
The stately Seates, the Ladies bright of hewe;
The Daunces short, long Tales of greate delighte,
With Words and Lookes, that *Tigers* could but rew,
Where eche of us did pleade the others right.
The plaine playe, where, dispoyled for the Game,
With dazed Eies, oft we by gleames of Love,
Have mist the Ball, and got sight of our Dame,
To bayte her Eies, which kepes the Leades above.
The gravell Ground with Sleves tyed on the helme
On foming Horse, with Swordes and friendly Hartes,
With Cheare as though one should another whelme,
Where we have fought, and chased oft with Darts.
With Silver Droppes the Meade yet spread for ruthe,
In active Games of Nimblenesse and Strength,
Where we did straine, trained with swarmes of Youth,
Our tender Lymmes, that yet shot up in length.
The secret Groves which oft we made resounde,
Of pleasaunt plaint, and of our Ladies praise,
Recording oft what Grace eche one had founde,
What Hope of speade, what dread of long delayes.
The wilde Forest, the clothed holtes with Grene,
With Raines avayled, and swifty breathed Horse,
With crye of Hound, and mery blastes betwene,
Where we did chase the fearefull Harte of Force.
The wide Vales eke, that harborde us eche Nighte,
Wherewith (alas!) reviveth in my Brest,
The swete accorde, such Slepes as yet delighte
The pleasaunt Dreames, the quiet Bed of rest.
The secret Thoughtes imparted with such Trust,
The wanton Talke, the divers chaunge of Playe,
The Frindship sworne, eche Promise kepe so just,
Wherewith we past the Winter Night awaye.

And

And with this Thought the Blood forsaken the Face,
The Teares berayne my Cheeke of deadly hew,
The which as soone as sobbyng Sighes (alas!)
Unsupped have, thus I my plaint renewe:
O! Place of Blisse, renuer of my Woes,
Give me accompt, where is my noble fere,
Whom in this Walles thou doest eche Night enclose,
To other leese, but unto me moste deare.
Eche (alas!) that doth my Sorowe rewe,
Retorns thereto a hollow sounde of plaint:
Thus I alone, where al my Freedome grewe,
In Prison pine with Bondage and Restraint:
And with remembrance of the greater Griefe,
To banish the lesse I finde my chiefe Reliefe.

The Lover comforteth himselfe with the Worthines of his Love.

WHEN raging Love with extreme Paine,
Most cruelly distraines my Harte,
When that my Teares as Floudes of Rayne,
Beare Witnesse of my wofull Smarte.
When Sighes hath wasted so my Breath,
That I lye at the point of Death,
I call to minde the auncient Geste,
That the *Greekes* brought to *Troye* Towne;
And how the boisterous Winds did beate
Their Shippes, and rent their Sailes adowne,
Til *Agamemnon*'s Daughter's Bloude,
Appeased the Goddes that them withstoode.
And how that in those ten Yeres Warre
Full many a bloudy Deede was done;
And many a Lord that came full farre,
There caught his Bane (alas!) too soone;
And many a good Knight overcome,
Before the *Greekes* had *Helene* wone.
Then thinke I thus, sith such repaire,
So long time Warre of valiant Men,
Was al to wine a Ladie faire,
Shall I not learne to suffer then,
And think my Time well spente to bee,
Serving a worthier wight then she?
Therefore I never will repente,
But Paines contented still endure,
For like as when the Winter spente,
The pleasant Spring straight draweth in ure:

So after raging Stormes of fare, Fol. VIII.
Joyfull at length may be my Care.

Complaint of the Abſence of her Lover being upon the Seas.

O Happy Dames that may embrace
The Frute of your Delight,
Help to bewaile the woful Caſe,
And eke the heavye plight,
Of me that wonted to rejoice
The Fortune of my pleaſant choice:
Good Ladies help to fill my mourning Voice.

In Shippe freight with remembraunce
Of Thoughtes and Pleaſures paſt,
He Sailes that hath in governaunce
My Life while it will laſt.
With ſcalding Sighes for lacke of gale,
Furdering his Hope, that is his Saile,
Toward me, the ſwete Port of his availe.

Alas! how oft in Dreames I ſee
Thoſe Eies that were my Foode,
Which ſome Time ſo delighted me,
That yet theye doe me good:
Wherwith I wake with his returne,
Whoſe abſent Flame did make me burne,
But when I find that lacke, lorde how I mourne?

When other Lovers in Armes a croſſe,
Rejoice their chiefe delight,
Drowned in Teares to mourne my Loſſe,
I ſtand the bitter Night
In my Window, where I may ſee
Before the Windes, how the Cloudes flee;
Lo; what a Mariner Love hath made me.

And in grene Waves when the ſalt Flood,
Doth riſe by rage of Winde,
A Thouſand Fanſies in that mood,
Aſſayle my reſtleſſe Mynde.
Alas! now drencheth my ſwet ſo,
That with the Spoile of my Harte did go,
And left me (but alas!) Why did he ſo?

And when the Seas waxe calme againe,
To chace from me annoye,
My doubtful Hope doth cauſe me plaine,
So dread cuts off my Joye.

Thus is my Wealth mingled with Woe,
And of eche Thought a doubt doth growe,
Now he comes, will he come? alas! no, no.

Complaint of a dying Lover, refuſed upon his Ladie's injuſt miſtaking of his Writing.

IN Winters juſt returne, when *Boreas* gan his raygne,
And every Tree unclothed faſt, as Nature taught them playne,
In miſty Morninge darke, as Shepe are then in holde,
I hyed me faſt, it ſat me on, my Shede for to unfolde.
And as it is a Thing that Lovers have by fittes,
Under a Palme I heard one crye, as he had loſt his wittes.
Whoſe Voice did ring ſo ſhrill in ſtringe of his plaint,
That I amazed was to heare, how Love could him attaint.
Ah wretched Man, quod he, come Death and rid this Wo:
A juſt Reward, a happie End, if it may chaunce thee ſo.
Thy Pleaſures paſt wrought thy Wo, without redreſſe,
If thou hadſt never felt no Joye, thy ſmart had been the leſſe.
And rechleſſe of his Life, he gan both ſigh and grone,
A ruful Thing me thought it was, to heare him make ſuch mone.
Thou curſed Pen, ſaith he, wo worth the Birde thee bare,
The Mann, the Knife, and all that made thee, wo be to their ſhare.
Wo worth the Tyme and Place, where I ſo could endite;
And wo be it yet once again, the Pen that ſo can write.
Unhappie Hande, it had been happy Time for me,
If when to write thou learned firſt, unjointed hadſt thou be.
Thus curſed he himſelfe, and every other wight,
Save her alone whom Love him bound to ſerve both Day and Night:
Which when I heard and ſawe, how he himſelf forbyd,
Againſt the Ground with bloudy ſtrokes, himſelf even there to rid.
Had been my Harte of Flint, it muſt have melted, tho'
For in my Life I never ſawe a Man ſo full of Wo. *Fol. IX.*
With Tears for his Redreſſe, I raſhly to him ran,
And in my Arms I caught him faſt, and thus I ſpake him than.
What woful wight art thou, that in ſuch heavy Caſe,
Torments thy ſelf with ſuch deſpight, here in this deſart Place?
Wherewith, as all agaſt, fulfilde with yre and dread,
He caſt ou me a ſtaring loke, with colour pale and dead.
Nay, what art thou (quod he) that in this heavy plight,
Doſt find me here, moſt woful Wretch, that Life hath in deſpight?
I am (quod I) but poore, and ſimple in degree,
A Shepheards Charge I have in hand, unworthy tho' I be.
With that he gave a Sighe as though the Skye ſhould fall,
And loude (alas!) he ſhryked oft, and Shepheard gan he call.

Come

Come hye thee fast at once, and print it in thy Harte,
So thou shal know, and I shal tell the giltlesse how I smart.
His Backe against the Tree, sore feebled all with fight,
With wery sprite he stretcht him up, and thus he told his plaint.
Once in my Harte (quod he) it chaunced me to Love
Such one, in whom hath Nature wrought, her cunning for to prove.
And sure I cannot say, but many Yeres were spent,
With such good Will so recompenst, as both we were content.
Whereto then I me bounde, and she like wise alsi,
The Sunne should runne his Course awry e'er we this Faith forgo.
Who joyed then but I? who had this Worldes blisse?
Who might compare a Life to myne, that never thought on this?
But dwellinge in this Truth, amid my greatest Joy,
Is me befallen a greter Losse then *Priam* had of *Troy*.
She is reversed clene, and beareth me in hande,
That my Desertes have geven cause to breke this faithful band.
And for my just Excuse availeth no Defence,
Now knoweft thou all, I can no more, but Shepheard hye the hence!
And geve him leave to dye, that may no longer live,
Whose Record, lo, I claime to have, my Death I do forgeve.
And eke, when I am gone, be bolde to speake it plain,
Thou hast seen dye the truest Man that ever Love did paine.
Wherwith he turn'd him rounde, and gasping oft for Breath,
Into his Armes a Tree he caught, and said, welcome my Death.
Welcome a thousand fold, now dearer unto me,
Than should without her Love to live, an Emperour to be.
Thus in this woful State he yelded up the goste,
And little knoweth his Lady, what a Lover she hath lost.
Whose Death when I beheld, no marvel was it right,
For pitie though my Harte did bleede, to see so petious sight.
My Bloud from hart to cold oft changed wonders sore,
A thousand Troubles there I found I never knew before.
'Twene dread and dolour, so my Sprites were brought in feare,
That long in was ere I could call to myride, what I did there.
But as eche Thing hath ende, so had these Paine of mine,
The Furies past, and I my Wittes restor'd by length of time.
Then as I could devise, to seek I thought it best,
Where I might find some worthy Place, for such a Corps to rest.
And in my Mynde it came, from thence not far away,
Where *Creides* love, King *Priam's* Son, the worthy *Troylus* lay.
By him I made his Tomb, in token he was true,
And as to him belongeth well, I cover'd it with blewe.
Whose Soule by Angels Power, departed not so soone,
But to the Heavens, lo it fled, for to receive his Doome.

Com-

Complaint of the Absence of her Lover being upon the Sea.

GOOD Ladies, ye that have your Pleasures in exile,
Step in your Foote, come, take a Place, and mome with me a while,
And such as by their Lordes do set but little price,
Let them sit stil, it skiles them not what chaunce come on the Dice.
But ye whome Love hath bound by order of desire
To love your Lords, whose good Deserts none other would require:
Come ye yet once againe, and set your Foote by myne,
Whose woful Plight and Sorrows great no Tong may well define.
My Love, and Lord, alas; in whome consists my Welth,
Hath Fortune sent to passe the Seas in hazard of his Helthe:
Whome I was wont t'embrace with well contented Mynde,
Is now amid the foming Floodes at pleasure of the Winde,
Where God will him pteserve, and sone him home me sende,
Without which Hope, my Life (alas!) were shortly at an ende.
Whose Absence yet although, my Hope doth tell me plaine,
With short returne he comes anone, yet ceaseth not my Paine.
The fearful Dreames I have, oft times do greve me so,
That when I wake I lye in doubte where they be true or no.
Sometime the roaring Seas, me seme do grow so hye,
That my deare Lorde, ay me alas! methinkes I see him dye.
Another Time the same doth tell me he is come,
And playing, where I shall him finde with his faire little Sonne. *Fol.* X.
So forth I goe apace to see that lefesome sight,
And with a Kysse, methinke I saye, welcome my Lorde, my Knight,
Welcome my Swete, alas! the stay of my Welfare,
Thy Presence bringeth forth a Truce atwixt me and my care.
Then lively doth he looke, and salveth me again,
And saith, my Deare, how is it now? that you have al this Paine;
Wherewith the heavy Cares, that heapte are in my Brest,
Breake forth, and me discharged clene of all my huge unrest.
But when I me awake, and finde it but a dreame,
The anguishe of my former Wo beginneth more extreame.
And me tormenteth so, that on Earth may I finde,
Some hidden Place, wherein to slacke the knawing of my Mynde.
Thus every Way you see, with Absence how I burne,
And for my Wound no Cure I finde, but hope of good returne:
Save when I thinke, by Sowre how Swete is felt the more,
It doth abate some of my Paines, that I abode before.
And then unto my self I saye, when we shal mete,
But little while shal seme this Paine, the Joy shall be so swete.
Ye Windes I you conjure in chiefest of your Rage,
That yee my Lorde do safely send, my Sorrowes to asswage:

And

And that I may not long abyde in this Exceſſe,
Do your good will to cure a wight that liveth in Diſtreſſe.

A Praiſe of his Love, wherein he reproveth them that compare theire Ladies with his.

GEVE Place ye Lovers here before,
That ſpent your Boaſtes and Bragges in vayne,
My Ladies Beautye paſſeth more,
The beſt of yours, I dare well ſayne,
Than doth the Sunne the Candle light,
Or brighteſt Day the darkeſt Night.
And there to hath a troth as juſt,
As had *Penelope* the faire,
For what ſhe ſaith ye may it truſt,
As it by Writing ſealed were,
And Vertues hath ſhe many moe,
Than I with Pen have skill to ſhewe,
I coulde reherſe, if that I woulde,
The whole Effect of Natures plaint,
When ſhe had loſt the perfitte Moulde.
The like to whom ſhe could not paynt.
With wringing Handes howe ſhe did crye,
And what ſhe ſayd, I know it, I.
I knowe ſhe ſwore with raging Mynde,
Her Kingdome onely ſet apart,
There was no loſſe by lawe of kynde,
That coulde have gone ſo nere her Harte;
And this was chiefly all her payne,
She coulde not make the lyke agayne.
Sith Nature thus gave her the Prayſe,
To be the chiefeſt Worke ſhe wrought,
In faith me thinke ſome better wayes
On your behalfe might well be ſought,
Then to compare (as ye have done)
To matche the Candle with the Sunne.

To the Ladie that skorned her Lover.

ALthough I had a Cheke,
To geve the Mate is harde,
For I have founde a necke
To kepe my Men in garde,
And you that handy are
To geve so great assaye
Unto a Man of Warre
To dryve his Men away:
I rede you take good hede,
And marke this foolish Verse,
For I will so provyde
That I will have your fierce.
And when your Fierce is had,
And all your Warre is done,
Then shall your selfe be glad
To end that you begonne.
For if by chaunce I winne
Your Persone in the Fielde,
To late then come you in,
Your selfe to me to yelde.
For I will use my Power,
As Captayn full of Might,
And such I will devoure
As use to shew me spight.
And for because you gave
Me checke in your Degree,
This Vantage loe I have,
Now checke, and garde to thee.
Defend it if thou may,
Stand stiffe in thyne Estate,
For sure I will assay,
If I can geve the Mate.

A Warning to the Lover how he is abuſed by his Love.

TO dearly had I bought my grene and youthfull Yeres,
If in myne Age I could not fynd when Craft for Love apperes,
And ſeldome though I come in Court among the reſt,
Yet can I judge in Colours dymme, as deep as can the beſt.
Where griefe tormentes the Man that ſuffereth ſecret Smart,
To break it forth unto ſome Frende it eaſeth well the Harte:
So ſtandes it now with me for my beloved Frende,
This Caſe is thyne, for whom I feele ſuch Torment of my Mynde,
And for thy ſake I burne ſo in my ſecret Breſt
That tyll thou know my whole Diſeaſe, my Harte can have no Reſt.
I ſee how thyne Abuſe hath wreſted ſo thy Wittes,
That all it yeldes to thy Deſyre, and followes thee by Fittes.
Where thou haſt lov'd ſo long with Harte, and all thy Power.
I ſee thee fed with fayned Wordes thy Fredome to devower,
I know (though ſhe ſay nay, and would it well withſtande)
When in her Grace thou yeldeſt the moſte, ſhe bare the but in Hand.
I ſee her pleaſant Chere in chiefeſt of thy Suite,
When thou art gone I ſee him come, that gathers up the Fruite.
And eke in thy reſpect I ſee the baſe Degree
Of him to whom ſhe gave the Harte that promiſed was to thee.
I ſee (what would you more) ſtode never Man ſo ſure,
On Womans Woord, but Wiſdome would miſtruſt it to endure.

The forſaken Lover deſcribeth and forſaketh Love.

O Lothſome Place, where I
Have ſeene and heard my Dere,
When in my Harte her Eye
Hath made her Thought appeare
By glinſing with ſuch Grace
As Fortune it ne would,
That laſten any ſpace
Between us longer ſhould.
As Fortune did auance,
To further my Deſire,
Even ſo hath Fortunes Chaunce
Throwen all amids the Mire:

And

And that I have deſerved
With true and faithful Harte,
As to his Hands reſerved,
That never felt the Smart.
But happy is that Man
That ſcaped hath the Griefe
That Love well teach him can
By wanting his Reliefe:
A Scourge to quiet Myndes
It is who taketh hede,
A common Plague that byndes,
A Travell without mede.
This Gift it hath alſo,
Who ſo enjoyes it moſte,
A thouſand Troubles growe
To vex his weried Ghoſt,
And laſt it may not long
The trueſt thing of all,
And ſure the greateſt Wrong
That is within this Thrall.
But ſynce, thou deſert Place,
Canſt geve me no accompt
Of my deſired Grace,
That I to have was wont;
Farewell, thou haſt me taught
To thinke me not the furſt Fol. XII.
That Love hath ſet aloft,
And caſten in the Duſt.

The Lover deſcribes his reſtleſſe State.

AS oft as I behold and ſee
The ſoveraigne Beauty that me bound,
The nier my Comfort is to me,
Alas! the freſher is my Wound.
As Flame doth quench by rage of Fyre,
And running Streames conſumed by Rayne:
So doth the ſight that I deſire,
Appeaſe my Grief and dedly Payne.
Firſt wen I ſawe thoſe chriſtal Streames,
Whoſe Beauty made my mortall Wounde:
I little thought within her Beames
So ſwete a Venom to have found.

But wilfull Will dyd pricke me forth,
And blynde *Cupyde* did whippe and guyde,
Force made me take my Griefe in worth,
My fruitles Hope my Harme dyd hide.
As cruel Waves ful oft be found,
Againſt the Rockes to rore and cry,
So doth my Harte full oft rebound
Againſt my Breſt full bitterly,
I fall, and ſe myne owne decaye,
As one that beares Flame in his Breſt,
Forgets in Paine to put away
The thing that bredeth myne unreſt.

The Lover excuſeth himſelf of ſuch ſuſpected Change.

THought I regarded not
The Promiſe made by me,
Or paſſed not to ſpot
My Faith and Honeſtie,
Yet were my Fanſie ſtrange,
And wilfull Will to wite,
If I ſought nowe to change
A *Falken* for a *Kite*.
All Men myght well diſpraiſe
My Wit and Enterpriſe,
If I eſteem'd a Pece,
Above a Pearle in Price.
Or judged the *Owle* in ſight
The *Sparhauke* to excell,
Which flieth but in the Night,
As all Men know right well.
Or if I ſought to ſail
Into the brittle Port,
Where Anker hold doth faile,
To ſuch as do reſort,
And leve the Haven ſure,
Where blowes no bluſtring Wind,
Nor fickelneſſe in ure
So farforth as I finde.
No, think me not ſo light,
Nor of ſo churliſh kinde,
Though it lay in my might,
My Bondage to unbinde.
That I would leve the *Hinde*
To hunt the *Gander's* ſo,
No, no, I have no minde
To make Exchanges ſo.

Nor

Nor yet to change at all,
For thinke it may not be,
That I ſhould ſeke to fall
From my Felicitie.
Deſirous for to win,
And loth for to forgo,
Or new Change to begin,
How may all this be ſo.
The Fire cannot freſe:
For it is not his kynde,
Nor true Love cannot leſe
The Conſtancye of Mynde.
Yet as ſone ſhall the Fyre,
Want Heat to blaſe and burne,
As I in ſuch deſyre,
Have once a Thought to toume.

Fol. XIII.

A careleſſe Man ſcorning, and deſcribing the ſutle Uſage of Women towardes their Lovers.

WRAPT in my careleſſe Cloke, as I walke to and fro,
I ſe, how love can ſhew, what Force ther reineth in his Bow,
And howe he ſhoteth eke, an hardy harte to wounde,
And where he glaunceth by agayne, that little Hurt is founde.
For ſeldome is it ſene, he woundeth Hartes a lyke,
The tone may rage, when t'others Love is often farre to ſeke.
Al this I ſee, with more, and wonder thinketh me,
How he can ſtrike the one ſo ſore, and leave the other fre,
I ſee, that wounded wight, that ſuffreth all this wrong,
How he is fed with yeas, and nayes, and liveth al to long.
In ſilence though I kepe ſuch Secretes to my ſelfe,
Yet do I ſee, how ſhe ſometyme doth yelde a Looke by ſtelthe,
As though it ſemde, ywis I will not loſe the ſo,
When in her Harte ſo ſwete a Thought dyd never truly grow.
Then ſay I thus, alas! that Man is farre from Bliſſe,
That doth receive for his Relief, none other Gayne but this;
And ſhe that fedes him ſo, I ſele and finde it playn,
Is but to glory in her Power, that over ſuch can raigne.
Nor are ſuch Graces ſpent, but when ſhe thinkes, that he,
A wery Man, is fully bent, ſuch Fancies to let flee.
Then to retayne him ſtill, ſhe wreſteth new her Grace,
And ſmileth, lo, as though ſhe would forthwith the Man embrace.
But when the Profe is made, to try ſuch Lookes with al,
He fyndeth then the Place al voyde, and freighted full of Gall.
Lord! what abuſe is this? who can ſuch Women praiſe,
That for their Glory do deviſe, to uſe ſuch craftie Wayes.

I, that among the reſt do ſit, and marke the row,
Find that in her is greater Craft, then is in twenty moe.
Whoſe tender Yeres, alas! with Wyles ſo well are ſped,
What will ſhe do, when hory Heares are powdred in her Hed?

An Anſwere in the behalfe of a Woman of an uncertaine Aucthor.

GYRT in my giltles Gowne as I ſytt here and ſowe,
I ſee that Thynges are not in dede as to the outwarde ſhow;
And who ſo liſt to loke and note Thynges ſomewhat nere,
Shal fynde wher plaineſſe ſemes to haunt nothing but Craft apere.
For with indifferent Eies my ſelfe can well diſcerne,
How ſome to guyde a Ship in Stormes ſeke for to take the ſterne,
Whoſe Practiſe if were proved in Calme to ſtere a Barge,
Aſſuredly, beleve it well, it were to great a Charge;
And ſome I ſee agayn ſit ſtill and ſay but ſmall,
That coulde do ten Tymes more then they that ſay they can do all,
Whoſe goodly Giftes are ſuch, the more they underſtand,
The more they ſeke to learne, and know, and take leſſe Charge in hand;
And to declare more playn the Tyme fletes not ſo faſt,
But I can beare full well in mynde the Song now ſung and paſt;
The Aucthor whereof came, wrapt in a crafty Cloke,
With Will to force a flaming Fyre where he could raiſe no Smoke,
If Power and Will had joyn'd as it apereth playn,
Then Truth nor Right had tane no Place their Vertues had ben vain;
So that you may perceive, and I may falſly ſe,
The Innocent that giltleſſe is, condempned ſhould have be.

The conſtant Lover lamenteth.

SINS Fortunes Wrath envyeth the Welthe,
Wherin I raigned by the ſight
Of that, that fed myne Eies by ſtelth,
With ſower, ſwete, dread, and delight:
Let not my Grief move you to mone,
For I will wepe and wayle alone.
Spite drave me into *Borea's* raigne,
Where hory Froſtes the Fruites do byte,
When Hylles were ſpred and every playne
With ſtormy Wynters mantle white.
And yet my Dere ſuch was my heate,
When others freze then dyd I ſweate.

And

And now though on the Sunne I dryve,
Whoſe fervent Flame all thing decaies,
His Beames in brightneſſe may not ſtrive, *Fol.* XIV.
With light of your ſwete golden Rayes:
Nor from my Breſt this heate remove,
The froſen Thoughtes graven by Love;
Ne, may the Waves of the ſalt floode,
Quenche that your Beautye ſet on Fire.
For though myne Eies forbeare the Foode,
That did relieve the hote deſyre,
Such as I was, ſuch will I be,
Your owne, what woulde ye more of me.

A Song written bie the Earle of Surreie, *to a Ladie that refuſed to Daunce with him.*

ECHE Beaſt can choſe his Feere according to his Mynde,
And eke can ſhewe a friendly chere, like to theire beaſtly kynd.
A Lyon ſaw I late, as white as any ſnowe,
Which ſemed wel to leade the Race his Port the ſame did ſhowe.
Upon the gentle Beaſt to gaze it pleaſed me,
For ſtill me thought he ſemed wel of noble Bloud to be;
And as he praunc'd before, ſtill ſeeking for a mate,
As who would ſaye there is none here I trowe will me forſake,
I might perceive a Wolfe as whit as Whales bone.
A fairer Beaſt, of freſher hue, beheld I never none;
Save that her Lookes were coy and froward eke her Grace,
Unto the which this gentle Beaſt gan him auaunce apace,
And with a becke full lowe he bowed at her Feete,
In humble wiſe, as who woulde ſaye, I am to farre unmeete;
But ſuch a ſcornefull chere wherwith ſhe him rewarded,
Was never ſene, I trowe the like, to ſuch as well deſerved.
With that ſhe ſtart aſide, welnere a Foote or twaine,
And unto him, thus gan ſhe ſay, with ſpite and greate diſdaine:
Lyon ſhe ſaid, if thou hadſt knowen my Mynde before,
Thou hadſt not ſpent thy Travaile thus, nor al thy Paine forlore;
Do way I let thee wete thou ſhalt not playe with me,
Go range about where thou mayſt fynd ſome meter fere for thee:
With that he bet his Taile, his Eies began to flame,
I might perceive his noble Harte much moved by the ſame:
Yet ſaw I him refrayne, and eke his Wrath aſſwage,
And unto her thus gan he ſay, when he was paſt his rage;
Cruell, you doe me wrong to ſet me thus ſo light,
Without deſert, for my good will to ſhew me ſuch deſpight.
How can ye thus entreate a Lyon of the Race,
That with his Pawes a crowned Kyng devoured in the Place:

Whoſe

Whoſe Nature is to praye upon no ſimple Food,
As long as he may ſucke the Fleſhe, and drinke of noble Bloud.
Yf you bee faire and freſhe, am I not of your hue,
And for my vaunt I dare well ſay, my Bloud is not untrue.
For you your ſelfe have heard it is not long ago,
Sith that for Love one of the Race dyd ende his Lyfe in Wo.
In *Tower* ſtronge and hye for his aſſured Truthe,
Whereas in Teares he ſpent his Breathe, alas! the more the ruthe,
This gentle Beaſt ſo dyed, whom nothing could remove,
But willyngly too leeſe his Lyfe for loſſe of his true Love.
Other there be whoſe Lives do lynger ſtyll in payne,
Againſt their Willes preſerved are that woulde have dyed fayne.
But now I doe perceive that nought it moveth you,
My good entent, my gentle Harte, nor yet my kinde ſo true:
But that your wil is ſuch, to lure me to the Trade,
As other ſome full many Yeres to trace by Craft ye made.
And thus behold our kyndes how that we differ farre,
I ſeeke my Foes, and you your Frendes do threaten ſtil with Warr.
I faune where I am fed, you ſlay that ſekes to you,
I can devour no yelding pray, you kill where you ſubdue.
My kynde is to deſyre the Honour of the Field,
And you with Bloud to ſlake your Thirſt on ſuch as to you yelde.
Wherefore I would you wiſt that for your coyed Lookes,
I am no Man that will be trapt, nor tangled with ſuch hookes.
And though ſome luſt to Love, where blame full well they might,
And to ſuch Beaſtes of currant ſort that would have travail bright:
I will obſerve the Lawe that Nature gave to me,
To conquer ſuch as will reſiſt, and let the reſt go free.
And as a *Fawcon* free that ſoreth in the Ayre,
Which never fed on Hand nor lure, nor for no ſtale doth care:
While that I Lyve and Breathe, ſuche ſhall my Cuſtome be,
In wildnes of the Woodes to ſeke my Praye where pleaſeth me.
Where many one ſhall rue, that never made Offence,
Thus you refuſe againſt my Power ſhal bote them no defence.
And for Revenge thereof I vowe and ſweare thereto,
A Thouſand Spoyles I ſhall commit I never thought to doo;
And if to lyght on you my lucke ſo good ſhall be,
I ſhall be glad to feed on that, that would have fed on me.
And thus fare well unkynde, to whom I bent and bowe, *Fol. XV.*
I would ye wiſt the Ship is faſt that bare his Sayle ſo lowe.
Sith that a Lyon's Harte is for a Wolfe no praye,
With bloudy Mouth go ſlake your Thirſt on ſimple Shepe I ſaye.
With more deſpyte and yre than I can now expreſſe,
Which to my Payn though I refrayn, the cauſe you may wel geſſe,
As for becauſe my ſelfe was Auctior of the Game,
It botes me not that for my Wrath I ſhould diſturbe the ſame.

The faithful Lover declareth his Paynes, and his uncertaine Joyes, and with oneli Hope recomfortath somewhat his wofull Harte.

IF Care do cause Men crye, why doe not I complaine,
If eche Man doe bewaile his Wo, why shew I not my payne?
Synce that amongst them all I dare well saye is none,
So farre from Weale, so full of Wo, or hath more cause to mone,
For all Thinges havyng Lyfe sometyme hath quiet rest,
The bearyng Asse, the drawyng Ox, and every other Beast;
The Peasant and the Post, that serves at all assays,
The Ship-Boy, and the Galley-Slave, have time to take their ease,
Save I, alas! whome care of Force so doth constrayne,
To wayle the Day, and wake the Night continually in payne.
From pensivenes to plaint, from plaint to bitter Teates,
From Teares to painfull plaint agayn, and thus my Lyfe it weares.
Nothing under the Sunne that I can heare or see,
But moveth me for to bewayle my cruell destenye.
For where Men do rejoyce, since that I cannot so,
I take no Pleasure in that place, it doubleth but my Wo.
And when I heare the founde of Song or Instrument,
Methinke eche Tune there dolefull is, and helpes me to lament.
And yf I see some have theire moste desired sight,
Alas! think I, eche Man hath Weale, save I, motte wofull wight.
Then as the striken *Deare* withdrawes himselfe alone,
So doe I seke some secret Place where I may make my mone;
There doe my flowyng Eyes shew forth my meltyng Harte,
So that the Stremes of those two Wels right well declare my smarte.
And in those Cares so could I force my self a heate,
As sicke Men in their shaking fittes procure themselfe to sweate.
With Thoughtes that for the Tyme do much appease my payne,
But yet they cause a farther feare, and brede my Wo agayne.
Methynke within my Thought, I see right plaine appere,
My Hartes delight, my Sorowes leche, myne earthly Goddesse here.
With every sundry Grace that I have seene her have,
Thus I within my wofull Brest her Picture paynt and grave.
And in my Thought I roll her Beautyes too and fro,
Her laughing chere, her lively Looke, my Harte that perced so;
Her straungenes when I sued her Servaunt for to be,
And what she sayd, and how she smylde, when that she pitied me;
Then comes a sodaine feare that rueth al my rest,
Lest Absence cause forgetfulnes to sinke within her Brest.
For when I thynke how farre this Earth doth us devide,
Alas! mesemes Love throwes me down, I fele how that I slide.

But when I thinke againe, why ſhould I thus miſtruſt,
So ſwete a wight, ſo ſad and wyſe, that is ſo true and juſt.
For loth ſhe was to Love, and wavering is ſhe not,
The farther of, the more deſyre, thus Lovers trie their knot:
So in diſpayre and Hope plunged am I both up and downe,
As is the Ship with Wynd and Wave when *Neptune* liſt to frowne.
But as the watery Showers delay the ragyng Wynde,
So doth good Hope cleane put away Diſpayre out of my Mynde,
And byddes me for to ſerve and ſuffer patiently,
For what wot I that after Weale that Fortune willes to me.
For thoſe that Care do knowe and taſted have of trouble,
When paſſed is their woful Payne, eche Joy ſhal ſeme then double.
And bytter ſendes ſhe nowe to make me taſt the better,
The pleaſant ſwete, when that it comes, to make it ſeme the ſweter.
And ſo determine I to ſerve untill my Breath,
Yea, rather dye a thouſand Tymes then once to falſe my Faith.
And yf my dedly Corps through weight of wofull ſmart,
Do fayle or faint, my Will it is that ſtyll ſhe kept my Harte.
And when this Carcas here to Earth ſhal be refard,
I do bequeath my weried Goſt to ſerve her afterward.

The Means to attaine happy Life.

MArtial, the Thinges that doe attaine *Fol.* XVI.
The happy Life, be theſe I finde,
The Riches left, not got with paine,
The fruitful Ground, the quiet minde.
The egall Frend no grudge no ſtrife,
No charge of Rule nor Governaunce,
Without Diſeaſe the healthful Life,
The Houſhold of continuance.
The meane Diet, no delicate Fare,
True Wiſedome joinde with ſimplenes,
The Night diſcharged of all Care,
Where Wine the Witte may not oppreſſe.
The faithful Wife without debate,
Such Slepes as may beguile the Night,
Content thy ſelfe with thine Eſtate,
Ne, wiſh for Death, ne, fear his might.

Praiſe of Manne and conſtant Eſtate.

OF thy Life, *Thomas*, *this compaſſe wel marke, * Sir *Tho.*
Not aye with full Sailes the hye Seas to beate, *Wiatt.*
Ne by Coward dred, in ſhonning Stormes darke,
On ſhallowe Shores thy Keel in Peril fret.
Who ſo gladly halſeth the Golden Meane,
Void of Daungers adviſedly hath his Home
Not with lothſome Mucke, as a Den uncleane,
Nor Palace like, whereat Diſdain may glome;
The lofty Pyne the great Winde often ryves,
With Violenter ſwey falne Turrets ſtepe,
Lightninges aſſaut the high Mountains and Clives,
A Harte well ſtaide, in overthwartes depe,
Hoapeth amendes in ſwete, doth feare the ſowre
God that ſendeth, withdraweth Winter ſharp,
No will not aye thus, once *Phebus* to lowre,
With Bowe unbent, ſhall ceſſe, and frame to harpe
His Voice, in ſtrate Eſtate appear thou ſtout
And ſo wiſely, when lucky Gale of Winde
All thy puft Sailes ſhall fill, loke wel about,
Take in a Rift, hall is waſt, Profe doth fynde.

Praiſe of certaine Pſalms of David, *tranſlated by Sir* T. W. *the elder.*

THE great *Macedone* that out of *Perſie* chaſed
Darius, of whoſe huge Power all *Aſia* rong,
In the riche Arke *Dan Homers* Rhimes he placed,
Who fained Geſtes of heathen Princes Song:
What holy Grave? what worthy Sepulchre
To *Wyat's* † Pſalmes ſhould Chriſtians then purchaſe, † Sir *Tho.*
Where he doth paint the lively Faith and pure? *Wiatt.*
The ſtedfaſt Hope, the ſweete returne to Grace
Of juſt *David* by perfite Penitence,
Where Rulers may ſee in a Myrrour clere
The bitter Fruite of falſe Concupiſcence,
How *Jewry* bought *Uria's* Death full deare.
In Princes Hartes God's Scourge imprintede depe,
Ought them awake out of their ſinful Sleepe.

Of the Death of the ſame Sir T. W.

DIvers thy Death do diverſly bemoane,
Some that in preſence of thy livelihed
Lurked, whoſe Breſtes Envy with Hate had ſwolne,
Yelde *Ceaſar*'s Teares uppon *Pompeious* Hed,
Some that watched with the Murderer's Knife,
With eager Thirſt to drink thy giltles Blood,
Whoſe Practice brake by happy end of Life,
With envious Tears to beare thy Fame ſo good,
But I, that knew what harbred in that Hed,
What Vertues rare were tempred in that Breſte,
Honour the Place that ſuch a Jewel bred,
And kiſſe the Ground wheras the Corps doth reſt,
With vapored Eyes, from whence ſuch Streames avayle,
As *Priamus* did on *Thisbes* Breſt bewayle.

Of the ſame.

WHAT reſteth here, that quicke could never reſt,
Whoſe heavenly Giftes encreaſeth by Diſdaine,
And Vertue ſanke the deeper in his Breſt, *Fol.* XVII.
Such Profit he by Envy could obtaine.
A Hed, where Wiſdome Miſteries did frame,
Whoſe Hammers bet ſtill in that livelye Brain,
As on a ſtithe, where that ſome Worke of Fame
Was dayly wrought, to turn to *Britaines* gaine.
A Viſage ſterne, and milde, where both did growe,
Vice to contemne, in Vertue to rejoyce
Amid great Stormes, whome Grace aſſured ſo
To live upright, and ſmile at Fortunes choyce.
A Hand that taught what might be ſaid in time,
That reft *Chaucer* the Glory of his Wit:
A Mark, the which (unparfited for time)
Some may approche, but never none ſhal hit:
A Tong, that ſerved in foreign Realmes his King,
Whoſe courteous Talke to Vertue did inflame
Eche noble Harte, a worthy guide to bring
Our *Engliſh* Youth, by travaile unto Fame.

An Eye, whoſe Judgement none effect could blinde,
Frindes to allure, and Foes to reconcile,
Whoſe perſinge looke did repreſent a minde
With Vertue fraught, repoſed voyde of Guile.
A Harte, where Dreade was never ſo impreſt,
To hide the Thought that might the Trouth auaunce
In neither Fortune loſt, nor yet repreſt,
To ſwel in Wealth, or yelde unto Miſchaunce.
A valiant Corps, where Force and Beauty met,
Happy, Alas! to happy, but for Foes,
Lived, and ran the Race that Nature ſet,
Of Manhodes ſhape, where ſhe the molde did loſe.
But when to the Heavens that ſimple Soul is fled,
Which left with ſuch as covet Chriſt to knowe;
Witnes of Faith, that never ſhal be dead,
Sent for our Health, but not received ſo:
Thus for our Gilt this Jewel have we loſt,
The Earth his Bones, the Heavens poſſeſſe his Ghoſt.

Of the ſame.

IN the rude Age when Knowledge was not rife,
If *Jove* in *Crete*, and other were that taught
Artes to convert to profit of our Life,
Wen'd after Death to have their Temple ſought,
If Vertue yet no voyde unthankeful Time,
Fayled of ſome to blaſt her endles Fame,
A goodly mean both to deferre from Crime,
And to her Steppes our Sequele to enflame:
In Daies of Truth, if *Wyates* Friendes then wayle,
The only Det that dead of quicke may claime,
That rare Wit ſpent, employed to our availe,
Where Chriſt is taught we led to Vertues Traine,
His lively Face their Breſts how did it freat,
Whoſe Cinders yet, with Envy they do eate.

Of Sardanapalus's *diſhonorable Life, and miſerable Deathe.*

TH'*Aſſyrian* King in Peace, with foule Deſire,
And filthy Luſtes, that ſtainde his regal Harte
In Warre, that ſhould ſet princely Hartes on fyre,
Did yeld, vanquiſht for want of marciall Art.
The dynt of Sweordes from Kiſſes ſemed ſtrange,
And harder than his Ladies Side, his Targe,
From glutton Feaſtes, to Souldiers Fare, a Change,
His Helmet farre above a Garlandes Charge,
Who ſcarce the Name of Manhod did retain,
Drenched in Slougth, and womanniſh Delight,
Feble of Sprite, impatient of Paine,
When he had loſt his Honor and his Right,
Proud time of Welth, in Storms appald with Dreade,
Murdred himſelf, to ſhew ſome manfull Deede.

How no Age is content with his owne Eſtate, and how the Age of Children is the happieſt, if they had Skill to underſtand it.

LAyed in my quiet Bed, in Studie as I were, *Fol.* XVIII.
I ſaw within my troubled Head, a heape of Thoughtes appere:
And every Thought did ſhew ſo lively in myne Eies,
That now I ſight, and then I ſmilde, as cauſe of Thoughts did riſe.
I ſaw the little Boy, in Thought how oft that he
Did wiſh of God, to ſcape the Rod, a tall yong Man to be;
The yong Man eke that feeles his Bones with Paines oppreſte,
How he would be a riche olde Man to live and lie at reſt.
The riche olde Man that ſees his End draw on ſo ſore,
How he would be a Boy againe to live ſo muche the more:
Whereat full ofte I ſmilde, to ſee how all theſe three,
From Boy to Man, from Man to Boy, would chop and change degree;
And muſing thus, I think, the Caſe is very ſtrange,
That Man from Wealth, to live in wo, doth ever ſeke to change.
Thus thoughtfull as I lay, I ſaw my withered Skynne,
How it doth ſhew my dented Chewes, the Fleſh was worn ſo thin;
And eke my totheles Chaps, the Gates of my right Way,
That opes and ſhuts as I do ſpeake, do thus unto me ſay;

The

The white and horiſh heres, the Meſſenger of Age,
That ſhew like Lines of true Beliefe, that this Life dothe aſſwage,
Byddes thee lay Hand, and feele them hanging on thy Chin;
The which do write two Ages paſt, the third now coming in:
Hang up therefore the Bitte of thy yong wanton Time,
And thou that therein beaten art, the happieſt Life define.
Whereat I ſighed, and ſaid, Farewell my wonted Joy,
Truſſe up thy Packe, and trudge from me, to every little Boy,
And tell them thus from me, their Time moſt happy is,
If to their Time they Reaſon had, to know the Truth of this.

Bonum eſt mihi quod humiliaſti me.

THE Stormes are paſt, theſe Clouds are overblown,
And humble chere, great Rigour hath repreſt,
For the Defaut is ſet a Paine forknowne,
And Patience graft in a determed Breſt;
And in the Harte where heapes of Griefes were growne,
The ſwete Revenge hath planted Mirth and Reſt,
No Company ſo pleaſant as myne owne.
Thraldome at large hath made this Priſon free,
Danger well paſt remembred Workes Delight,
Of lingering Doubts ſuch Hope is ſprong pardie,
That nought I finde diſpleaſaunt in my ſight:
But when my Glaſſe preſented unto me
The cureleſſe Wound that bledeth Day and Night,
To thinke (alas!) ſuch hap ſhould graunted be
Unto a Wretch that hath ſo oft been ſhed,
For *Brittaines* ſake (alas!) and now is ded.

Exhortacion to learne by others Trouble.

MY Ratelife, when the recheleſſe Youth offendes,
Receive thy Scourge by others Chaſtiſment,
For ſuch calling, when it workes none amendes,
Then Plagues are ſent without Advertiſement.
Yet *Salomon* ſayd, the wronged ſhal recure,
But *Wyat* ſayd true, the Scarre doth aye endure.

The

The Fansie of a wearied Lover.

THE Fansie which that I have served long,
That hath alway beene ....., to myne ease,
Semed of late to rue upon my wrong,
And badde me flie the cause of my misease,
And I foorthwith did prease oute of the Thronge,
That thought by flight my painefull Harte to please;
Some other Way, till I saw Faith more stronge,
And to my self I sayd; Alas! those Dayes
In vain were spent, to runne the Race so long;
And with that Thought I met my Guide, the Plaine
Out of the way wherein I wandered wronge,
Brought me amidds the Hilles in base *Bullayn*,
Where I am now as restles to remayne,
Against my Wil, full pleased with my Paine.

SURRET.